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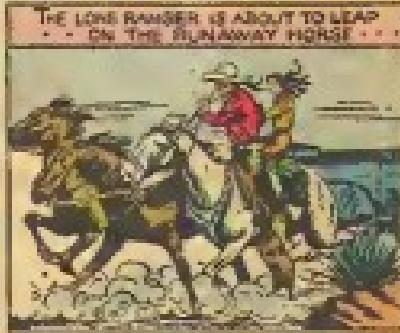
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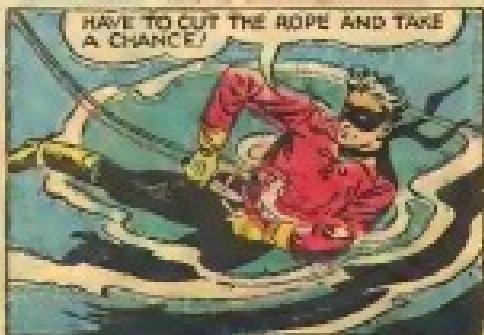
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# The Lone Ranger

and the KILLER HOOD GANG







BOTH THE LONE RANGER AND THE GIRL  
ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE STREAM!



THE RIVER WINDS AND THE FAST  
CURRENT SWEEPS THE LONE RANGER AND  
HIS UNCONSCIOUS BUDDY DOWN STREAM

THE GIRL CHANCE BEFORE HIM  
REACH FALLS.



\* DROWN ON JAGGED ROCKS  
BENEATH THE FALLS  
SEEMS IMMINENT.



THIS METHOD OF WORKING THE LUNGS  
SOMETIMES RESTORES PEOPLE WHO  
WERE DROWNS.

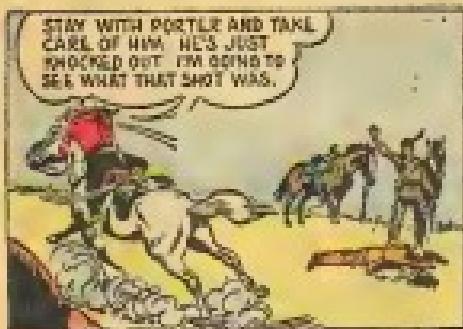
HER EYES ARE  
MOVING!  
SHE'S GOING TO LIVE!



AFTER AN ENDLESS TIME.







WE DON'T DARE GO  
AFTER ELSIE... HOOD  
WILL KILL HER IF HE'S  
HARD PRESSED!

I TRIED TUN OVER  
TAKIN' 'EM, BOSS,  
BUT THEY BOUGHT  
AWAY. WE BETTER  
ROPE THAT  
MASKED  
MAN!

PORTER, LET'S GET TO YOUR HOME. I DON'T  
THINK HOOD WILL HARM ELSIE. HE WANTS  
YOUR GOLD MINE AND HE'LL USE HER AS A  
HOSTAGE.

WISH I KNEW IF I  
COULD TRUST YOU  
OR NOT.

YOU CAN'T, BOSS.  
I SAY WE ROPE  
HIM!

GO AHEAD AND  
SEARCH ME IF  
YOU WANT TO.  
LACKY.

I AM TURE I WOULDN'T  
PUT IT PAST YOU TUN  
BE IN CAGNOTS WITH  
KILLER HOOD!

YOU DIDN'T FIND  
THAT PAPER IN  
MY POCKET?

THE HELL I DIDN'T.  
THIS PROVES YOU'RE  
FROM KILLER  
HOOD!

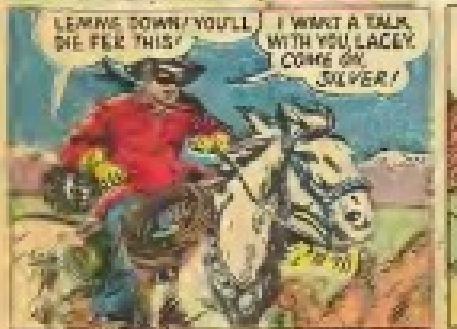
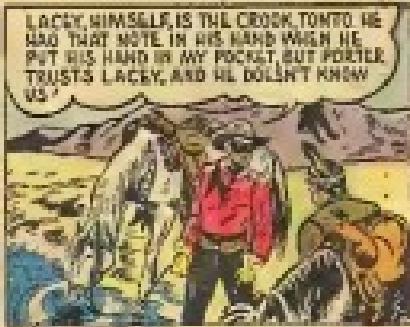
READ THIS NOTE, PORTER!

TO MR. PORTER -  
BY THE TIME YOU GET  
THIS WE'LL DAUGHTER  
WILL BE OUR PRISONER  
WE'RE GOING TO  
MAKE A DEAL FOR HER  
IN YOUR BACKROOM  
WINDOWS ALL RIGHT AND  
GORDON WILL BE SENT  
TO HOO

YOU HAD THAT  
NOTE READY  
TO SEND ME  
AFTER ELSIE  
WAS CAPTURED.

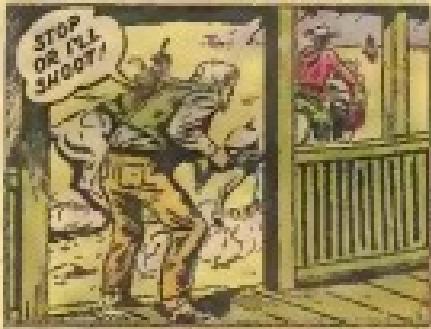
THERE'S NO USE  
TRYING TO TELL  
YOU ANYTHING  
DIFFERENT  
NOW.

I FOUND  
IT IN  
THE  
POCKET.  
THAT'S  
PROOF  
ENOUGH.

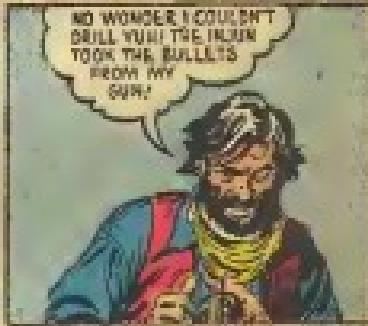














LACLY ISN'T ALMOST AT THE HANGOUT OF THE RIDERADERS BY THIS TIME, HE'LL BE TOO LATE!



KILLER HOOD'S HEADQUARTERS



IT'S OUR FRIEND PORTER! WHY DOES HE WANT TO KILL US?







LONG AS YOU'RE WITH US, ELSIE, YER PA  
WON'T LET NO ONE  
ATTACK US!

THERE ON THE GROUND IS THE ONLY  
MAN WHO COULD  
HELP US. IT'S  
THE LONE  
RANGER!

FORTY IS  
COMING NOW.  
TODAY, HE'LL LET  
US KNOW IF  
KILLER HOOD'S  
MEN ARE  
NEAR.

HOOD WOULDN'T  
RELEASE ELSIE.  
I WAS WRONG  
IN NOT LETTING  
THE LONE RANGER  
HANDLE THIS IN HIS  
OWN WAY.  
WELL, STAY  
HERE, FORTY,  
SO HOOD WILL  
CONTINUE THINKING  
YOU SHOT  
US AND BE  
OFF GUARD.

THAT'S THE SAFEST WAY HE MAY  
HAVE US WATCHED TO MAKE  
SURE WE LEAVE EARL. IT'S  
UP TO YOU NOW!

WE CAN'T  
MAKE A MOVE  
TILL AFTER DARK.  
YOU GO ON  
HOME.

SET  
YOUR  
STUFF ALL  
READY, BOYS.  
AFTER DARK  
WE LEAVE HERE  
FOR ANOTHER  
HIDE-OUT AT THE  
FIRST SIGN OF  
INTERFERENCE!  
SHOOT THE  
GIRL!

I JUST HOPE WE CAN SPOT  
LACEY'S BLANKET ROLL  
AND THAT  
CAN OF  
COAL OIL -  
WE PUT  
IN IT!

I'LL SADDLE UP AN' BE  
READY TUH  
MOVE  
OUT.

OK, LACEY

A SHOT! GET  
THE GIRL!  
STAND READY!

LOOK, AT MY BLANKET  
ROLL! IT SMELLS LIKE  
COAL  
OIL!

HHEE  
MIND THAT  
WATCH FOR  
THE HOT  
SHOT THAT'S  
FIRED! THEM  
FIRE AT THE  
FLASH!











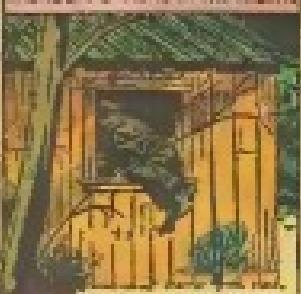


# The Lone Ranger AND THE MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

OLD NIGHT JOE LIVED ALONE  
BESIDE A STREAM AND SLEPT  
WITHOUT SUSPECTING THAT—



MURDER STALKS IN THE SHADOWS



THAT DOES IT! I AM NOT  
A SOUND OUT OF HEM!



HUH, THAR, SHERIFF! COME OUT HERE  
AN' BEND YER EAR! I GOT A BAD  
HUNCH AN' I DON'T  
LIKE IT!



MUSTANG MACH  
BY THUNDER!  
YOU'RE GOOD FOR  
SOBE EYES!

I'M SURE GOOD  
TO SEE YOU,  
MUSTANG MACH!  
YOU DON'T GET  
TO TOWN  
OFTEN!

OFTEN ENOUGH  
FOR ME! BUT  
I AINT HERE  
BECAUSE I WANT  
TUN BEL I'M ON  
MY WAY TO HERMIT  
JOE'S! AM YOU  
BETTER COME  
ALONG!

THE FIRST OF EACH  
MONTH I HAVE TUH PAY  
INTEREST ON MY MORT-  
GAGE! THIS IS THE FIRST  
TIME IN YEARS HE DIDN'T  
COMS TO COLLECT!—  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?



MAH'S GOT A HUNCH  
THERE'S SOMETHIN'  
WRONG AT HERMIT  
JOE'S! I'M RIDIN'  
THERE WITH HER! ON A WILD-GOOSE  
CHASE, SHERIFF!



WHAT'S  
THAT?

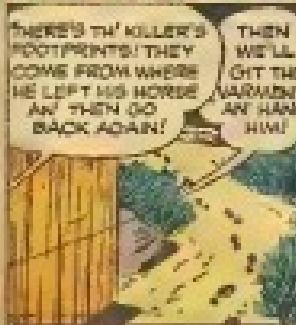
LISSEN...YUH WEASEL-FACED SQUIRT. KEEP A RESPECTFUL TONGUE IN YER FACE WHEN YUH SPEAK OF ME!

HEY! LET ME GO!

YOU BET I WILL!

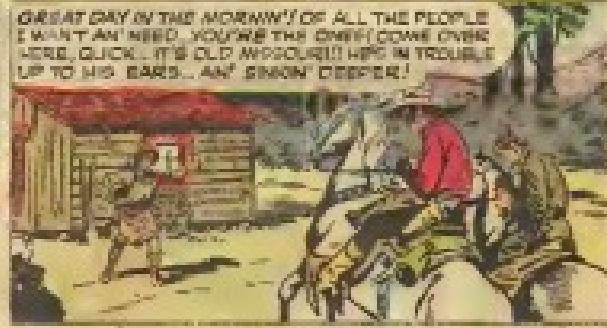
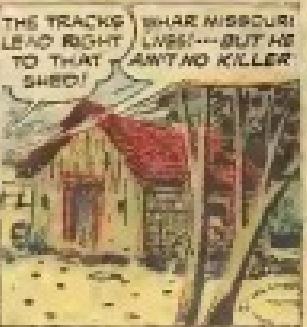
DON'T MIND SLIM...HE'S A NEW DEPUTY!

I DON'T KNOW HIM...I JUST DON'T LIKE HIM! LET'S GET TO HERMIT JOE'S!



THEN WE'LL CHT THE VARDIMENT AN HAND HNU!





WELL, MAG...MUCH AS I HATE TO SAY IT...THE MURDER IS SOLVED! MISSOURI JUST CONFERSED!

MISSOURI IS A DOWNRIGHT LIEUT!

YOU BET I DO! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, EVEN IF YOU DO STILL WEAR THAT MASK!

SHERIFF PETE, YOU REMEMBER THE LONG RANGER AND TONTO?

SHERIFF, IS IT TRUE THAT MISSOURI HAS CONFERRED TO MURDER?

YER'AN THE FACTS SURE POINT TO HIM HE'D PROBABLY HAD, EVEN IF HE DIDN'T CONFESS!

I WANT TO SPEAK TO MISSOURI!

THERE HE IS...GO IN!

WHO IS HE? I DONE TELLIN' YOU I'M A KILLER!

MISSOURI-HA! COULDN'T I JUST THINK YOU KILLED HERMIT JOE?

EVEN HIS POINTS TO ME!

HANDCUFF ME! SHERIFF-TAKE ME TUN THE CALABOOSA!

YOU DON'T NEED HANDCUFFS FOR ANNUAL RUFFY

WHERE'S THE STOLEN GOLD?

I DUNNO WHERE IT IS!

THERE'S SOMETHIN' CURIOUS ABOUT MISSOURI'S MANNER.

ME DIDN'T DO IT! I COULDNT KILL A COCKADOO! WHY DID HE CONFESS?

C'MON, MISSOURI. WELL, RODDY, THE CUFFS!

THE FACTS ARE THESE! MISSOURI'S KNIFE KILLED JOE. HIS FOOTPRINTS WERE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE...THE TRAIL LED RIGHT TO HERE!

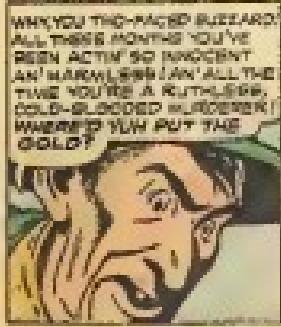
DOES MISSOURI HAVE ANY MOTHERS?

HE MIGHT HAVE HE AN' HERMIT JOE NEVER DID LIKE ONE ANOTHER!

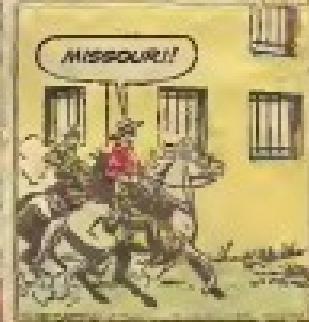
BUT MISSOURI CAN'T REMAIN EVER WHERE THE STOLEN MONEY WAS HIDDEN!

IT WAS A MUNCH THAT TOOK ME AN' THE SHERIFF TO SEE HERMIT JOE! AN' NOW I GOT ANOTHER MUNCH, THAT MISSOURI AINT' THE KILLER!

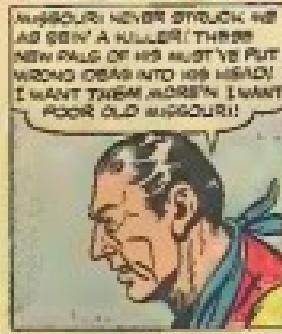


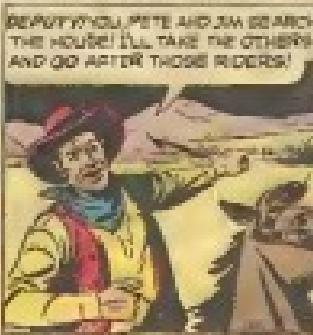
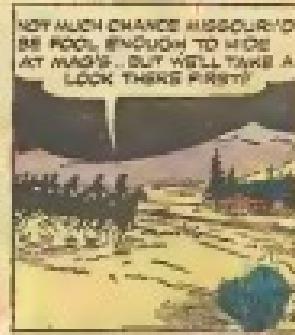
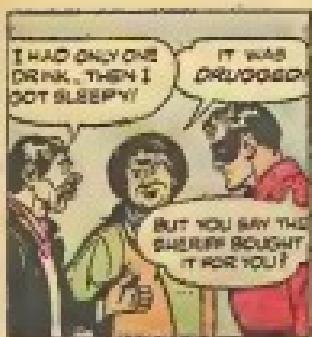


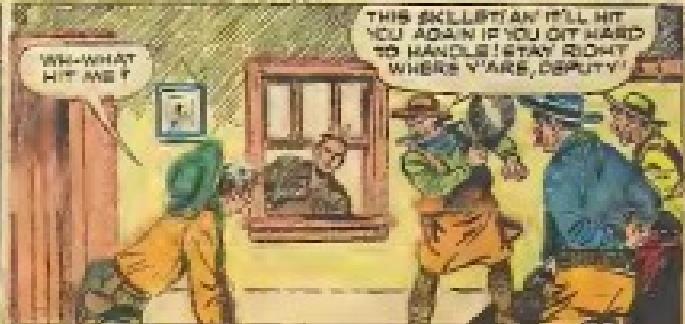












MEANWHILE IN THE NEAR -  
BY TOWN...

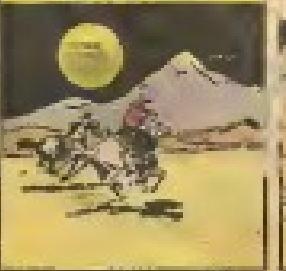
THERE'S THE BARTENDER,  
SAY HE—WANT TO  
TALK TO ME?



BY THE TIME THE SURPRISED MEN  
CET AT THEIR QUINS...



...THE LONE RANGER HAS  
GOT US MAN!



HEY-WHAT'S  
THAT THIS MEAN?



I WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU—AND I  
WANT THE  
TRUTH!!

BUT WHO-WHAT  
ABOUT I AINT  
DONE NOTHIN'!!

YOU SERVED  
A DRINK TO  
OLD MISSOURI  
YOU SUG THE  
SHERIFF BOUGHT IT  
TELL THE  
TRUTH!!



WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF DRAWDING ME  
WAY OUT HERE?



I'LL TELL YOU,  
BARTENDER! LAST  
NIGHT MISSOURI  
HAD A DRINK  
IN YOUR CAFE.

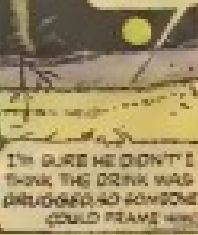
I REMEMBER  
THAT!



AFTERWARD HE  
WENT HOME AND  
FELL ASLEEP WHILE  
HE SLEPT THE HER-  
MIT WHO MURDERED  
MISSOURI'S FOOT-  
POINTER WERE LEFT  
AT THE SCENE  
ALSO HIS KNIFE!



BUT HE  
DON'T DO  
THE FAIR-  
DRAFT!



I'M SURE HE DON'T I  
THINK THE DARK WAS  
PREDATOR TO SOMEONE  
WHO COULD FRAME HIM!

I DON'T  
DO THAT!!

YOU TOLD MISSOURI  
THE SHERIFF BOUGHT  
THE DRINK FOR HIM.  
THAT WAS A LIE!  
NOW LET'S HAVE  
THE TRUTH!!



I OUGHT TELL MISSOURI!  
THE SHERIFF BOUGHT  
THE DRINK FOR HIM!  
IT WAS THE  
TRUTH!!

COME  
CLEAN BARTENDER!!



"YULET G-O-O OF ME! IT WAS THAT NEW DEPUTY SHERIFF HE MADE FOR IT AND TOLD ME TO TELL MISSOURI THE DRINK WAS BOUGHT BY THE SHERIFF!"



"THERE'S THE BARTENDER. WELL BE ABLE TO TELL US A FEW THINGS!"



"THEY TOLD US THE MASHED MAN HAD CAPTURED YOU. WHERE'D HE AND THE INDIAN GO?"



"THE INDIAN WASN'T WITH HIM. HE HAD A SPARE HORSE!"

"HE DIDN'T THEN THE MASHED MAN ALMOST DIE AT MAC'S PLACE. WHAT DO THE MASHED MAN WANT OF YOU?"

"HE ASKED WHO BOUGHT A DRUG FOR MISSOURI--THAT'S ALL!"



"SOON I'LL GET BACK TO RUSTICO MAC'S HOUSE! THAT RECKON WHO WOULD LEFT THERE WILL CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR THE DEPUTIES!"



"WE'LL GET BACK TO RUSTICO MAC'S, SILVER! NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING TO GO ON!"



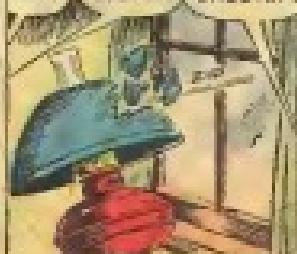
"YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS--YOUNG'S SHIELDING AN ESCAPED KILLER!"



"BOTH OF YUN BUTTION YES' LIPPS. WE'D WAITIN' JUST LIKE THIS TILL EITHER THE SHERIFF OR THE LONG RANGER GETS BACK!"

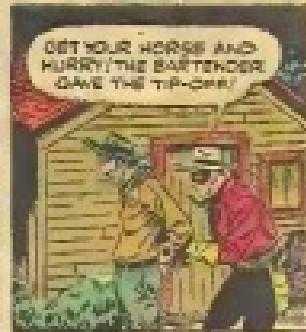


"WHAT TH--? MY BEST LAMPY! WHO'S SHOOTIN'?"



"I CAN'T SEE A THING! SOMEONE GOT A MATCH!"







BUT MISSOURI WAS NOT THERE. THE MAN WHO STOLE THE HERMIT'S GOLD FRAMED PORTRAIT OF MISSOURI! HOW I'LL PROVE IT!

HOW CAN YOU PROVE ANYTHING? YOU DIDN'T KILL THE HERMIT!

THE BARTENDER SAID ALEX DEPUTY-SHERIFF BOUGHT A DRINK FOR MISSOURI! IT WAS ENJOINED!

SO THAT'S IT! NO WONDER I DON'T SLEEP! NEVER HAS ANYONE BEEN SO APPREHENDED LIKE THAT BEFORE!

SOMEONE STOLE MISSOURI'S SPINE!





# Bear Evidence



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"Tiny", Burns stared, frozen with horror. His Uncle Fred and Chet Bayliss stood chin to chin, pale with fury—and gripping their hunting rifles.

"You're a liar!" roared Uncle Fred. "MY bullet killed that buck, last fall . . . Yours hit him in the haunch—"

"—YOU KNOW that ain't so, Fred Burns!" Chet yelped. "It was the other way 'round . . . Furthermore, NO MAN LIVIN' can call me a liar and—"

"—and WHAT?" gritted Uncle Fred, jerking up his rifle so that its muzzle poked Chet under the chops.

Tiny's heart seemed to stop. In a few seconds, he knew, there'd be murder. And no one but a fourteen-year-old kid to prevent it!

Then—something snapped in Tiny's brain. In the same split instant he dived at the legs of the two men. His overgrown, 200 lb body carried them

both with him—over the lip of the mountain pool.

Cold—the icy cold of melted snow—gripped all three of them. The pool was only four feet deep, but it did the trick. Uncle Fred and Chet Bayliss scrambled out minus their guns, and with no more fight left in them than in a couple of drenched cats.

Tiny stayed in that bowl of ice water long enough to bring up the two rifles. His lips were blue, as he handed the weapons back. And now, reaction from his fright filled the kid with sudden rage.

"Take 'em, you punkin-headed fools!" he squallled in a voice that hadn't quite changed yet. "Take 'em and go home! And if you're still hankering for a fight, just tell your women-folks about this. THEY'LL accommodate you! They'll make your ears ring

for a month of Sundays."

Uncle Fred pawed the water off his chin, but he couldn't hide the sheepish grin that spread over his features.

"Nobody since the Year One," he declared, "ever sold a truer word than that, Tiny."

He turned to Chet Bayliss with his hand outstretched.

"I'm a liar and you're right, Chet," he said. "Will you shake the hand of a triple-distilled idiot?"

"How!" remarked Bayliss. "I'd be a worse idiot if I didn't, Fred. Maybe I am anyway. Only man with brains is your nephew. If Tiny insists on our going home, I won't kick. But I DID hope to get me a fat bear this season."

Tiny had got over his "mod." He was shivering as he wrung out his woolen shirt.

"Aww, we c-can't g-go home now," he chattered. "How'd we explain our clothes being soaked? Anyhow, I want to get me a bear this hunting season, too."

Chet Bayliss squinted up at the warm October sun.

"Our clothes will dry, walking," he stated. "I'm heading for the other side of Bald Mountain . . ."

"And we'll be hunting on the back side of the Giant," Uncle Fred responded. "So long, Chet—and good luck!"

\* \* \* \*

Two hours later, Tiny Burris and his uncle crossed the brook that ran between "Giant" and "Baldy." Above them towered the granite ledges, masked with aspens and undergrowth, where the black bears liked to sun themselves. Fat and lazy, they were only waiting for the winter snows before they "denned up."

Abruptly Uncle Fred raised his rifle. As Tiny's glance followed its direction, a bush stirred violently, on the NEAR side of the dark blotch that was a bear!

"Don't!" gasped Tiny.

As he spoke, the rifle crooked. A human figure, just rising beyond the bush, pitched down out of sight. The bear bounced, rolled, and dived into the brush.

"My Lord!" said Uncle Fred, with a





queer, choking sob. "That was CHET BAYLISS!"

The next moment he and Tiny were racing up the broken slope, reckless of pitfalls . . . They found Chet unconscious beside the ledge he had been climbing. Uncle Fred's soft-nosed bullet had chipped the bone at the top of his right shoulder—a stunning blow, but not deadly. The real agony was Uncle Fred's.

"Chet'll never believe I didn't mean to shoot him," he moaned.

"Yes, he will!" cried Tiny, with sudden inspiration. "You wait!"

Gripping his rifle till his fingers bruised, Tiny Burns plunged into the bushes. As he'd expected, he found blood. Partly flattened by Chet's shoulder bone, Uncle Fred's slug had gashed the bear's thick layer of hide and fat—enough to bleed him.

But a wounded bear is the trickiest, and the most savage of all brutes—especially in thick brush. When, five minutes later, this one charged, Tiny

wasn't surprised. There simply wasn't time to fire more than one shot.

And then the kid was down on his back, with yellow fangs ripping at his shoulder—at his throat! He screamed—not knowing what else to do. He yelled and yelled . . . and the bear stopped chewing him. He had heard something else.

A gunshot blasted, almost in Tiny's ear. The bear rolled over, grunting. A big man in a forest green uniform knelt to examine Tiny's wounds.

But Tiny pushed the game warden aside. With his hunting knife he dug into the dead bear. In a few mere moments, he held up a misshapen chunk of lead.

"It's Uncle Fred's bullet!" he exclaimed. "See, Mister—there's the X mark on the butt-end of it. Uncle Fred always loads his own shells, and he always marks the bullets like that . . . Now Chet Bayliss will know for sure that Uncle Fred shot at the bear—and not at him!"



FEELING RICH WITH THEIR NEW WEAPONS AND  
PONY YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUSH DREAM  
OF A PROUD RETURN TO THEIR PEOPLE.

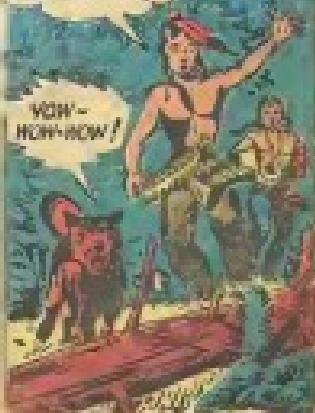


A TRACE OF SALT IN THE RONY'S ZABRONE PATHER  
INVITED THE PORCUPINES SHARP TEETH.



MEDICINE  
HORSE... HE  
IS RUNNING  
AWAY!

MEDICINE HORSE! STOP!  
COME BACK!



WE SHALL NEVER  
FIND OUR PEOPLE  
NOW - WITHOUT  
MEDICINE HORSE  
TO CARRY US!

SQUAW  
TALK,  
SQUAW  
TEARS!  
WE WILL  
WALK!

HUNGRY AND TIRED, THEY COME  
AT EVENING TO A NICE, SLOW-  
MOVING RIVER.

ON SUNUP THE BOYS ARE ON  
THEIR WAY - TOWARD THE WEST.  
IN MOUNTAINS BEHIND THEY  
HOPE THESE PEOPLE ARE CAMPED.

THERE IS OUR SUPPER,  
LITTLE BUCK!

BULL FROGS!

GRR-RUMPS!  
GRR-RUMPS!

WUFF!

REMEMBER -  
LITTLE BUCK - IF  
YOUR BOW GETS  
WET, IT WON'T  
SHOOT!

YAY! MY ARM IS  
ALL HEALED!  
I JUST GOT ONE  
BIGGER THAN  
YOURS, YOUNG  
HAWK!

FROG'S LEGS  
SMELL GOOD, YOUNG  
HAWK - AND I SHOT  
HALF OF THEM!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE YOUNG HAWK  
AND LITTLE BUCK SLEEP,



"A HERD OF BUFFALO MOVE DOWN THE RIVER."

THERE IS MEAT,  
YOUNG HAWK! MEAT FOR  
THE REST OF OUR JOURNEY!

SHEEY! NOT  
THOSE BIG BULLS.  
LITTLE BUCK...  
THEY WOULD  
TRAMPLE US!



WHAT IS IT, YOUNG HAWK?

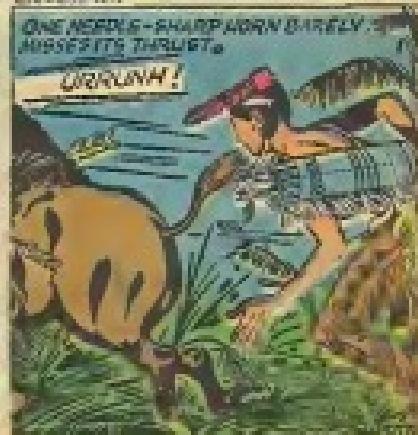
SIOUX  
HUNTERS -  
ENEMIES!

BUT THEY  
HAVEN'T  
SEEN US.  
YET!



IN THE FIERCE EXCITEMENT  
OF THE HUNT, NOT ONE SIOUX  
SPARES A GLANCE AT THE  
BOYS' HIDING PLACE.





SUDDENLY THE BULL'S FORELEGS BUCKLED --  
THE GREAT BODY CRASHED DOWN.



MY ARROW REACHED HIS HEART !  
THE GREAT SPIRIT HEARD ME ---



THE SIOUX ! THEY ARE  
CROSSING TO THE ISLAND !



YOUNG HAWK ! I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE DEAD ! THE BULL ...



WE'LL BOTH  
BE DEAD IF  
THE SIOUX  
CATCH US HERE !

INTO THE REEDS ... AND LIE  
DOWN -- EVERYTHING BUT YOUR  
NOSE UNDER WATER !



BUT SHOUTS FROM THE SHORE  
THREATEN MORE DEADLY DANGER.



I SEE TWO  
ARROWS, WHITE  
EAGLE !

THIS IS AN ARROW OF  
THE OGAHALA  
SIOUX !

THEN IT WAS  
FIRED IN AN  
ENEMY. AN OGAHALA  
WOULD HAVE SHOWED  
HIMSELF !!



THE ENEMY MUST BE ALONE -- HE HAS POORLY SWUM  
OR HIS ARROWS WOULD HAVE FOUND US BY NOW!

HE HAS POORLY SWUM  
THE RIVER, BUT  
WE MUST NAME SURE!

BIG TRACK - LITTLE TRACK - DOG TRACK!  
THE HUNTER HAD HIS SQUAW OR SMALL BOY  
WITH HIM!



WE WILL MAKE  
SURE THEY ARE  
NOT HIDING IN  
THE REEDS!

WHITE EAGLE  
THINKS THEY  
HAVE SWUM  
AWAY!

I TOLD YOU THEY  
HAD GONE,  
RUNNING WOLF --  
NOW WE CAN  
SAFELY TAKE  
OUR MEAT.

WE WILL TAKE  
ONLY THE  
HUMPS AND  
TOMAH. THEY  
WILL BE HEAVY  
ENOUGH TO  
SWIM WITH!



ARE YOU SURE THEY'VE  
GONE, YOUNG HAWK?

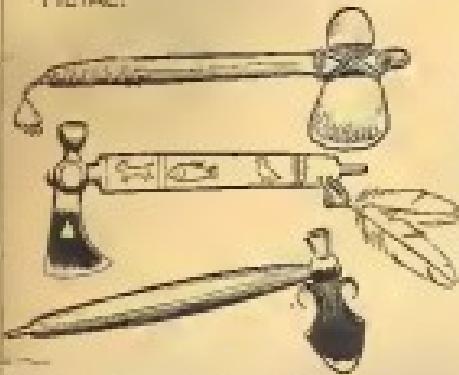
I HEAR TWO MEN  
SWIMMING -- WE  
ARE SAFE NOW.

WE'LL HAVE ALL THE BUFFALO STEAK WE  
CAN HOLD, TUMBLE-WEED! HOW DO YOU  
LIKE THAT?



# WAR CLUBS AND TOMAHAWKS

ONE OF THE EARLIEST WEAPONS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN WAS THE WAR CLUB - A CLUB WITH A BALL-SHAPED END TO WHICH WAS SOMETIMES ADDED A SPIKE OF DEER ANTLER, STONE, AND LATER, METAL.



STEEL TOMAHAWKS AND TOMAHAWK PIPES WERE MADE BY THE WHITES FOR THE INDIAN TRADE. THEY WERE NOT USED AS WEAPONS, HOWEVER, BUT MERELY TO CHOP WOOD. SOME (HAVING HOLLOW HANDLES AND A BUILT-IN PIPE) COULD ALSO BE SMOKED - STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR FRONTIERSMEN.

LACROSSE, USING STICKS OF VARYING SHAPES AND SIZES AND A DEERSKIN BALL OR WOOD KNOT, WAS PLAYED BY MANY TRIBES ACROSS THE COUNTRY--



LACROSSE STICKS

AND IT WAS PLENTY ROUGH.



Geronimo—An Apache Chief